1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

In fact, there was no escape from military duties except by assuming the status of a berdache, but they made no pretense of considering these duties as other than a disagreeable necessity. In their view the enemy, with unfamiliar garments and weapons and formidable courage, were evil magicians, and they were to be treated as such: avoided until they became too obnoxious, then killed with as much dispatch as possible.

It was because of their belief in the enemy's evil magic that the Papago took no booty. Nothing belonging to the enemy might be touched except by one who had been through the special purification to be described. Male captives were never brought home, and the females occasionally taken were sold to the Mexicans, not kept. Papago dead were left on the battlefield or burned there, though the usual custom is burying. Papago wounded must be purified. The only trophy brought home was the scalp or occasionally a belt or moccasin to take its place. In this trophy was thought to be concentrated the magic power of the enemy. The reward of the fighter for his labors was to possess this power and make it serve him.

War ritual can be divided into three stages, which logically should not all come under the same heading. The first two, which here have been called the rituals of the warpath and of victory, were really communal ceremonies. They were conducted by the whole community, or at least by all the warriors, and they had the regular form of a community ceremony: the oration by the priestly leader and songs by the group. Moreover, in the Papago mind, which abhorred emphasis on killing and revenge, their real result was supposed to be a magical one, bringing rain and crops.

The warpath and victory ceremonies are then actually food ceremonies. To this extent has the main interest of Papago life shaped and turned all its elements. The only ceremony for power is the third of the war rituals, warrior's purification, which conforms perfectly to the other purification formulae. Since to separate the three phases of war would make the narrative difficult to follow, all three have been described here as a continuity.

The first, which has been called the warpath, comprises all the preparations for war, up to the time of fighting. It must be de-

2: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1939 NU28 Papago NU28

be thanked by the council. The record of the calendar stick is punctuated with such executions.

Murder, in the Papago view, was not a crime. It took place generally at the drinking feast or in a quarrel over a woman, and the victim's family then had a right to kill the murderer or a member of his family. The Keeper, governor and elders remonstrated with them and begged them not to make the village lose a man, but if they insisted, "no one would interfere." One instance was recited where the murderer had fled the country but his brother was still in the village. The victim's brothers came to the door of his house and told him: "We are going to kill you. Send your wife and children away." He sent them away and then came to meet his executioners. After his death his wife tore down the house, according to the usual custom and all the village united in rebuilding it for her at another place and in helping to support her for life (2).

Murder was considered by the Spaniards a crime for which the offender should be delivered to the provincial authorities, but the Papago ignored the ruling except when soldiers or priests were sent to enforce it. Assault and battery was considered a family affair, like murder and in old times it was left to the people concerned. However, the priests thought it a matter for the whipping post and in some places it came to have that penalty.

There was considerably less scope for sexual offenses than in modern society and a man, particularly, had a great deal of freedom. If he conceived a sudden passion, he could always take the woman as an additional wife, after the proper preliminaries of divorce for a married woman or proposal for a maiden. There were official nights of saturnalia, at the drinking feast and the maiden's dance when he could gratify a briefer desire. Homosexual tendencies were openly acknowledged and sanctioned.

Yet sexual offenses did occur. Rape is never mentioned and an illicit affair with a maiden was not important, but one with a married woman, without the proper divorce, was an infringement of the husband's property right. The husband could destroy or appropriate the lover's property and, if he killed him, would not be interfered with. A woman had less freedom and less consolation. There were no female transvestites and a woman could take advantage of the saturnalian feasts only with her husband's consent. She could have only one husband and, if she preferred another man must be divorced and become a second wife. If her husband was having a love affair, she had no remedy but to scratch the other woman while the village looked on. When too much outraged, she

2: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1939 NU28 Papago NU28

581
586 "A playful woman had married three or four men but had left them all. She was at a drinking ceremony and danced all night with a chief who was tall and liked to dance, but he was old. She could not see that at night. In the morning he put her on the horse with him to go home. She said, "Where do you live?' 'At the place of the Dead Dog.' 'Oh, that's too far.' So she jumped off the horse and left him. She had seen by the rising sun that he was old." (26)

"The chief of our village is so old that he is blind and deaf. He has lived all his life with one wife. They never quarrel. That is true of many of our people." (26)

THE BERDACHE

●838 The male transvestite was a common figure. It is comprehensible that a man who balked at the rigors of war and hunting should accept woman's clothing as an alternative entirely without opprobrium. But the berdache was said to have been discovered in early childhood. If the parents found that a boy liked female pursuits they tested him. The regular pattern, mentioned by many informants, was to build a small enclosure and place in it bow and arrows and basketry materials. Thechild was told to go in and play and then the parents set fire to the enclosure. They watched what he took with him as he ran out and if it was the basketry materials, they reconciled themselves to his being a berdache.

The berdache performed women's work. He made one of the group of women on food gathering expeditions and was treated as one of themselves. He was often a clever potter and basket maker and an asset on food gathering expeditions, because he "didn't get tired as we did". He also played an important role in the village.

[727] When the Apache trophy was hung up, if there was a berdache in the village, he might dance around it with a bow taunting it: "See what you are reduced to! The men will not look at you, but I, even I, can shoot you" (27).

[588] The berdache might marry, but often, since he was entirely able to work and support himself, he lived alone and was visited by the men. To each visitor he gave an obscene nickname and the men were very proud of these, since they were often bolder than those bestowed by women. No scorn was felt for the berdache. He was respected and liked by the women and his sex life with the men was a community institution.

One informant thus described her berdache brother-in-law:

"We girls used to spend all day with that man-woman, Shining Evening. She went off with us to gather plants and she could carry more than any of us and dig longer. She ground corn with us, all

2: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1939 NU28 Papago NU28

taking turns at my mother-in-law's grinding slab. Our husbands used to tease us girls. 'How do we know these children running around the house belong to us? We are away in the mountains all the time and in the fields. It is Shining Evening who is with the women.' Then they would laugh and say to the babies, 'Run along. Over there is your daddy....'. 838

When we learned from the Whites to make skirts with drawstrings, Shining Evening was the first to have one. A man pulled the string and said, 'What's that?' and she said squealing, 'Skirt string!' So after that the man was always called skirt string."

"There was a berdache in the next village and that one had a husband. She came with him to the drinking ceremony and I saw her cooking for him on the fireplace of some of her relatives. They seemed happy." (26) [588]

When informants were asked about female transvestites, they burst into laughter at the possibility.

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28

The third brother was called Shining Evening and he was a man-woman. His parents suspected it when he was very young because he never wanted to play with boys, always with girls. So they thought they would test him. They built a little enclosure and in it they put a bow and arrow and some basketry materials. They told the boy to go in there and play, and when he was busy they set fire to the enclosure. They thought they would see which things he saved. Out he came, carrying the basketry materials. They tried the same thing again and again after that, and it was always the same. The man-woman was very pleasant, always laughing and talking, and a good worker. She was so strong! She did not get tired grinding corn as I did, so sometimes she did it for me. That was something my husband could never do even though he was kind. It would look too bad for a man to grind corn. I found the man-woman very convenient.

I lived happily with those people and of course we never quarreled. Why should we do that? And strangely, soon after I had been married, I became dangerous again, for the first time since I had been danced. We told the medicine man and he thought, perhaps, I should be danced again and my husband, too. Who knows what danger there had been without our knowing it. So they danced us.

But this time it was different. I did not have to work hard because I had been through all that. I did not even have to sleep in the Little House. I slept in the big house next to my mother-in-law. My husband slept on the other side of the house. Every night we danced, Ah, we danced, we danced. All my life I had wanted to do that. In the daytime I could sleep. Sometimes I slept all day and waked in what we call the red evening to hear the rattle outside the house. Have you heard the rattle when our people come up in the night to dance? Ah, good!

The old people watched me until it was over, and then my husband and I ate the white clay together, and we could touch our heads and have salt in our food and go on as before.

One day my father-in-law said: "Should not our daughter-in-law be tattooed? Her face does not look right, all light, with no black on it." So my mother-in-law tattooed these four marks I have on my chin. I lay on the floor with my head in her lap and she pricked the lines with cactus thorns. Then she rubbed in greasewood soot. It hurts frightfully but if you keep still, the marks come out narrow and clear. If you wiggle they are all blurred. I did not wiggle, but I have seen girls whose chins just look as though black juice had run down them. Mine came out very pretty and, for four days, while they healed, I ate only cactus joints to make them blue.

That fall our people were going over to race with the River People

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28

Then the spider sang to me: 159x 787

Gray spider
Magic making
At the cave entrance hanging
Do not think I shall fall.
Twice I go up and down
And I return again
Therefore I am hanging, hanging here.

Our men went to hunt deer on the hills, because those summer days are when the does are big with young and taste sweet. Or else they worked in our field. There were so many men that we girls did not have to help weed the corn. But we took cactus syrup out to the field, mixed with water, that the men might drink it while they knelt on the hot earth, pulling a mesquite stick to and fro to cut off the weeds. They were going to be medicine men, all three of our husbands, and perhaps they already had visions, but they worked like other men. Ah, that was a clever household! Three medicine men and one man-woman. 159x 224 241

We girls used to spend all day with that man-woman, Shining Evening. She went off with us to gather plants and she could carry more than any of us and dig longer. She ground corn with us, all taking turns at my mother-in-law's grinding slab. 159x 838

Our husbands used to tease us girls. "How do we know these children running around the house belong to us! We are away in the mountains all the time and in the fields. It is Shining Evening who is with the women." Then they would laugh and say to the babies: "Run along! Over there is your daddy!" When they got us alone they would say: "Is he really all right?" We said: "Yes, Just like a woman. We have forgotten he is a man."

When the summer was over and the pond dried up Where the Water Whirls Around, we took our babies and went moving over the hills, following the water. Over the mountains where you call it Mexico, there were more of our people who had water ditches in their fields. We worked for them and they gave us food. With many other villages we went, as if to war, because of the Apaches. We sent word all around with little sticks, ten or twelve, so that people might count them and know the day when we were going. Then we started out, the children and the bedding and a small grinding stone on a horse, and we women running beside with our carrying nets, with all the pots, and perhaps the baby on top. Far up in the hills, our husbands went running with their bows and arrows, looking for deer, and sometimes they met us with loads of meat on their backs. 159x 221 464

3: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935) 1936
NU28 Papago NU28

At night we camped and my mother-in-law cooked a big pot of gruel. Next day I carried it among my pots so we could stop and eat it at midday. I used to be so hot and thirsty on that journey. Once, running at night, because it was too hot to travel in the day, I caught my foot in a rat's nest. Down I fell and broke all the pottery. My husband said: "Crazy one!" But Shining Evening was good to me on those trips. She was stronger than we women and when I was tired she carried my baby for me. No man could do that; it would not be right. Shining Evening was a great help.

The bean harvest of those Mexicans would be over when we arrived, and they let us go through their fields picking up the gleanings. We girls and our husbands worked, and my mother- and father-in-law went to and fro on our one horse taking the gleanings to a storage place in the mountains.

After that we worked for those Mexicans. We ground wheat and we carried wood and water. The men went up into the hills and hacked off the century plants and roasted them in pits to sell. And there they hunted, and brought down deer and hides to sell to those Mexicans. We women stayed at the foot of the hills and dug clay for pottery. Then my mother-in-law made pots, for she was clever. We young girls sat polishing them all day with little smooth stones. Oh, beautiful pots we made and earned our food! Shining Evening made pots, too, but for whiskey. She would sit there and laugh and say: "Here are my hands and here the clay. I can have what I want. Give me a bottle of whiskey."

Sometimes in the winter we went north to cut wheat for the River People and it was there that I dropped my second baby in a wheat field. And once my husband and I left the babies at home and went alone to harvest figs for the Mexicans. It was in the middle of summer but there were many people at home to work, so we got on our one horse and said: "Look! We will go to earn something for you."

We had never been before without the other Desert People, so we kept a good watch for the Apaches. It was a two day journey and my husband did not sleep all night. We only dismounted for a little while and then I slept while he watched, awake with his arrow strung. But nothing happened until we were coming home.

We passed a flat place where there was a prickly pear growing. I said: "I'm going to eat some." So my husband lifted me off the horse. "Hurry up and pick some," he said. We had a basket hanging on the saddle. I picked the fruit and my man cleaned it and we filled that basket. Then we sat down to eat.

Look, the sun was just coming up. I was facing east and I looked up

4: Joseph et al D, E-5 (1942-1943) 1949
.NU28 Papago NU28

In such a setting interpersonal tensions are probably seldom caused by discrepancies and conflicts between social demands and individual inclinations but probably arise generally between individuals of different temperament and character. Children are chiefly trained in loyalties to persons toward whom, as their immediate and earliest sources of gratification and affection, their loyalties naturally tend to develop. As they grow up, they do not have to acquire new ones which may conflict with or obscure the old loyalties.

For the boy, this line of loyalty to those who fed and protected him as a baby may go unbroken through his whole life. The girl who leaves her own family for her husband's household has her loyalties disrupted, but the situation and the roles of various family members in the new home are usually a replica of those she has known. She has to exchange parents for parents-in-law, but whether she succeeds in transferring her loyalties is a matter of personal circumstance and not one of changed social requirements.

Both boys and girls grow up in the certainty that they themselves will some day take over the roles of those to whom as children they are most closely attached. There were in the Papago social system no officially sanctioned aims which were opposed to or superimposed upon becoming a father or a mother. Being a dreamer, a visionary, or a medicine man was not an aim but a compelling gift from the supernatural, and people who received this gift normally combined it with raising a family, using it as source of extra income, just as they do today. The "light woman" and the *berdache* (the man who dressed and behaved like a woman)[2] were relatively rare but socially tolerated deviations from the normal pattern of fatherhood and motherhood, and they were not set up as goals. Even today any other goals than being successful fathers and mothers are importations from an alien culture.

Still another factor which probably eases relationships between parents and children, and particularly the identification of the boy with his father and of the girl with her mother, is the virtual absence of the idea of personal achievement and progress in Papago culture and child-training. The individual child, and each generation of children, is not encouraged to outdo his parents and grandparents but to become like them. This stability of tradition helps eliminate friction and conflicts which occur between parents and children with different aspirations and values.

Thus, among the Papago, identification with the parents is highly desirable, undisturbed, and favored by social conditions. These same conditions which require from the child gradually increasing co-operation modeled exactly after

2. There were no female transvestites (see Ruth Underhill, *Social Organization of the Papago Indians*, pp. 16–87).

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910)1912
NU28 Papago NU28

553 tages which the child gains are supposed to be health,
261 strength, and luck; untoward happenings are also pre-
[777] vented even to the family itself. If the birth occurred
in the season of thunder-storms, the danger to the child,
or a near relative, of being killed by lightning will be
553 averted. For four days after the ceremony the parents
abstain from eating salt and jack-rabbit meat, and they
must not do much work; the father cannot hunt.

837 The natural characteristic of the Papago is to be vir-
684 tuous. According to Indian reports, a woman caught in
adultery used to be punished with death. In recent times
whipping has been the penalty and the custom of killing
184 her animals still prevails. The tribe has been notably
stable in racial qualities during centuries of contact with
whites. Intermixture to-day rarely takes place except
in Sonora, where the Mexicans have taught the Indians
new customs. In the out-of-the-way places of southern
Arizona a few Americans are known to have Papago
wives; they have children and to all appearances are
known to lead happy lives, for the lady of the house is in-
telligent, quite good-looking, clean, and very industrious.
During my stay at Sonoita several couples came to be
married by the civil authority there.

682 Murder was left to the family of the murdered person
to punish. From an American who speaks their lan-
● 838 guage and lives in the central part of the Papagueria, I
received what I must accept as reliable information with
regard to unnatural vice, which perhaps may be more or
less restricted to that locality. Several startling instances
were told me by him and also by a trustworthy Indian

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910) 1912
NU28 Papago NU28

who was present. Even a married man with full-grown daughters was subject to this depravity. One young Indian wanted to dress like a woman, but was prevented by his father. A Pima Indian, after losing his wife, had a healthy child by his daughter.

In regard to the industries of the tribe, attention has already been called to pottery making. Weaving was formerly practised on a loom lying on the ground, but the art is now lost. The Papagoes, as well as the Pimas, are somewhat noted for their basket work, though neither of them is as clever as the Apache in this respect. They make trays and bowl-shaped ware for household work and also some large, deep, water-tight baskets which, from their principal use, may be termed sahuaro baskets. In these is gathered the juicy fruit of the sahuaro; the sirup and water are mixed for wine making and the wine itself is offered at the festival. They are rare at the present time. Women are the basket makers and in the best ware the white material used is produced from strips of young willow shoots, while the pods of the *martynia* (devil's claw), split in two, furnish the black part of the texture. The good workmanship of old is falling into decline, and the significance of the decorative designs is almost entirely forgotten. There is only one woman at the present time who is able to do first-class basket work, and she cannot tell what the designs mean. In Sonora the making of basketry has ceased to exist.

Granary baskets are still in common use in the Santa Rosa valley. The large ones are made inside of the house, the small door-opening preventing their removal. The